

THE
Oxford Treatment
OF THEIR
CAMBRIDGE FRIENDS,
At the ACT.
IN A
DIALOGUE

BETWEEN
EUGENIUS and CRITES.
K

Tu mihi donasti, te tibi reddo, vale.

Oweni Epigram.

LONDON,

Printed and Sold by B. Bragg, in Ave-mary-Lane,
M DCC V.

h
ons

THE
Oxford Treatment
OF THEIR
CAMBRIDGE FRIENDS
At the A.C.T.
IN A
DIALOGUE



EUGENIUS and CATES

Owen's Epigram.
In white double, to this redde, and.

LONDON.

Printed and Sold by B. Bingle, in New-mary-Lane,
M DCC L.

*The Oxford Treatment of their Cambridge
Friends at the ACT.*

In A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

EUGENIUS and CRITES.

CRITES.

MOther of Arts, delight of Men and Gods,
The Muses, and the Graces, lov'd Abodes;
Thee, *Cambridge*, thee I call, that hallowed Name,
At once inspires the Muse, and makes her Theme;
Teach me, great Parent (if thy lowly Son,
The meanest of thy Race thou deign'st to own)
Teach me in choicest Numbers, noblest Lays,
Immortal as thy self, to sing thy Praise.
So may the Heavens preserve thee, Seat of Bliss,
Sacred to Wisdom, Innocence, and Peace:
So may good Angels round thy Fences wait,
And guard this Paradise with better fate:
Within the teeming Earth no noxious Plant,
No Serpent Pride the Native Beauties Taint;
No Devil, nor tempting Woman e'er deceive,
But Man may eat the Fruit, and Know, and Live.
Give me, for ever, this Angels Food to tast,
For ever let my Sacred Hunger last,
Immortal as the blest, unfading Feast.
And thou, my Friend, to these desiring Arms,
Dearer than Fame, or mightier Beauties Charms,
Near to my Heart, here let me hold thee fast,
And quite forget the Age of Absence past;

Let us beneath yon'd spreading Myrtles rest,
 And pour our Souls out on each others Breast.
 Here let us scorn all Grandeur, Cares and State,
 And all the Idle Business of the Great.
 Give, mighty Gods, to Wretched higher Powers,
 Your thorny World, and glorious, guilty Hours,
 Be but this spot, This happy *Eden*, ours.

EUGENIUS.

And can my *Crites* find a Pleasure here,
 Sated with Wit, and fresh from *Oxford* Air?
 Like haughty Citizens I fear you come,
 Big with disdain of Rustick Farmers home.
 In vain the Clownish Friend displays his hoard
 And spreads with Country-Cates the homely board;
 In vain sets out the dainties of the Poor,
 His little Stock, and wishes it were more;
 To higher feeding us'd the Lordly Guest,
 Tasts, and sits yawning o'er the labour'd Feast.

CRITES.

Grant Heaven I never be thus blest again,
 Ne'er know the Charms of Learning, Sence and Men;
 Let me, for those lewd Eyes, to bearded Boys,
 To gaudy Walls be Damn'd, and Fops, and Noise;
 May I your two most dreaded curses bear,
 The Pride, and Poverty, of *Oxford*, share;
 If I hate not th' in-hospitable Race,
 And all the boasted glories of the Place.
 Pardon thy *Crites* these unusual starts,
 But know no common cause thy Friend asserts;
 Like him whose filial Piety cou'd break
 Through Natures Laws, and teach the Dumb to Speak;
 Her Parents wrongs inspire my Maiden Muse,
 Inform the Mind, and give my Rage a loose.

EUGENIUS.

Stop then that Rage, and let the harmless Foe,
 What Malice most abhors, unanswer'd go:

Let

Let the swoln *Pharisees* the World disdain,
 And thank their Gods they're not like other Men;
 Let them display their *Oxford* Pomp and Paint,
 Such Arts to hide their Nakedness they want;
 We too could boast, but scorn to vaunt alone,
 Of our Fore-father's Labours, not our own;
 Lovely our *Cambridge* in her Native Dress,
 With no false Colours daubs her Matrons Face:
 Like *Sybil's* Head, the wrinkled Goddess wears
 An antick Garb, and homely Towers she rears;
 But inward joys to see each Godlike Son
 Worthy to head a Church, and prop a Throne;
 With Wonder sees her *Newton's* Numbers rise,
 Pursuing Fame and Wisdom to the Skies;
 Blesses her dear inspir'd Poetick Choir,
 Teaches the Song, and tunes the speaking Lyre;
 Blessings on all she sheds, but double Showers
 On darling *Hallifax* and *Prior* pours;
 Returning, sees in them a better Fate,
 And in despite of Fortune, Poets great:
 Numbers a long Descent of Mitred Heads,
 And bows with humble Joys to th' great Sons she breeds:
 But say, my *Crites*, did the Wit excuse
 The want of Manners in your *Oxford* Muse?

C R I T E S.

Oh! 'twas so rank! the Poyson was so cold!
 That nothing but an Asses Hoof cou'd hold
 Th' invenom'd Filth, which the Brute kick'd abroad,
 And threw on every Face the dirty Load:
 Bold and undaunted the great Boy appear'd, **T. R.**
 His Wit no danger of Expulsion fear'd:
 Our Mother *Athens* never cou'd bestow
 The Ostracism on a Wretch so low;
 High o'er his Head a Bottle he display'd,
 And thrice he drank to every Jest he made;
 Till *Bacchus* cou'd no more the Muse supply,
 And *Helicon*, for want of Wine, grew dry.
 "Ye Sots, said he, that come to see, like Fools,
 " An Act without a Dr. without disputing Schools;

" Out Scoundrels from our stately Theatre,
 " Some *Vigo* Strangers must be treated here :
 " Our well-bred Town, her Musick, Wine, and Feast,
 " For her *French* Friends provides, for you a Jest :
 " You, that our Magistrate cou'd slightly pass,
 " Nor read the Proctor written in his Face;
 " When late he deign'd like mighty rambling *Jove*,
 " Poor *Cambridge* Mortals *en passant* to prove;
 " With stately Pace the Wight his Entry made,
 " And no Vice-Chancellour Obeysance paid ;
 " The Mayor and Aldermen forgot to wait,
 " Nor Brother Proctor met his Hack of State ;
 " No more the Crowd observ'd the Man of Power,
 " Than had he been some Garter'd Chancellour.
 " For this high Crime to Proctor's Dignity,
 " Like *Simon*, he invites you all by me
 " To empty Dishes and Scurrility. }

EUGENIUS.

And was this all ?

CRITES.

Something he added more,
 A Doctor call'd he Fool, a Lady Whore.
 And that the Crowd the unlike Piece might know
 Like Sign Post Dauber writ their Names below :
 The rest (but I disdain to name his Jest)
 Was Panegyrick on his *Cambridge* Guests,
 Such as the Town on Glorious *William* made,
 When sure they knew that mighty Monarch dead.
 They taught their weeping Muse thanksgiving Verse,
 And mourn'd, like dancing *Indians*, o'er his Hearse.
 Ye Mighty Heroes, daring Souls, look down
 C---H, B---N, A---N, and the num'rous Throng,
 That scorn'd beneath an *Oxford* Life to droop,
 But nobly fled for Refuge to a Rope ;
 Infuse Great *Creech*, thy own *Lucretian* Soul
 Into this undigested Mass of Fool ;
 Thy doubled Spirit on the young Prophet move,
 Drop, as thou fly'st, thy Halter from above :

Grant him but Brains, and then this hopeful Son
 (For dullness now deprives him) comes thy own;
 Or if the Wretch dare not aspire so high,
 If as he liv'd, he'd rather Swilling die;
 Thy justest Fate, O Great *Demosthenes*,
 How'er unlike the rest, let that be his;
 Let the black droppings of his pois'nous Quill,
 Harmless to all the World, the Author kill.

EUGENIUS.

Oh leave the Set to the judicious Lord
 That swears he'll make a Chaplain of the Board;
 At least you shall allow an *Oxford* Jest,
 A merry *Andrew* made into a Priest;
 Inverted so are the old happier Days,
 There the Ass spoke, and here the Prophet brays!
 But tell me, did the rest th' Affront resent?
 And pay alike the Proctor's Compliment?

CRITES.

Christ-Church alone i' th' University,
 Cou'd not be British for good Husbandry;
 To Nobler Ends, by great Examples led,
 Their sleeping Founder, and their living Head;
 Cheerful alone, and at their own Expence
 Treated their crowding Guests with Wine and Senec.

EUGENIUS.

For their sakes then th' ungrateful Numbers spare;
 And say what was most entertaining there.

CRITES.

Oh! to describe the Glories I have seen
 Is Subject fit for my *Eugenius's* Pen;
 The Noble Structure, and the Founder's Praise,
 Nor Envy can make less, nor Flatt'ry raise;
 Nature and Art unite in lov'd Embrace,
 And both conspire to bless the Charming Place;

In sweet Contention lost, the Sisters strive,
 And both their blended Beauties take and give,
 Scarce a more pleasing Scene, the lovely stream
 Of *Isis* views, when Married to her *Thame* ;
 When by *Augusta's* Towers she glides along,
 And Kisses, as she goes, her Mistress' Throne ;
 Within her Walls even Gods descend to Feast,
 And *Anna* there was late a bidden Guest.
 I saw my self the place her Footsteps grac't,
 And sigh'd to think our *Cambridge* not so blest :
 Grudg'd them this last addition to their Pride,
 Envy'd them that, and pity'd all beside ;
 Even all their mighty Structures, pompous Domes,
 Shew like the cast off proud *Egyptians* Tombs
 Lofty Inscriptions the false outides bear,
 Tell them the Great, the Learn'd Inhabit there ;
 But, ah! the stately empty Shrines contain,
 Only the Wretched Carcasses of Men ;
 Where underneath the Sweating Marble laid,
 Moulder together the Living and the Dead ;
 These rest in Peace, those as their Ghosts appear,
 Shadows of what their great Fore-fathers were.
 In other Arts their off-spring Learned grew,
 Consult their Glasses, and commend the Beau,
 Instruct their well turn'd Heels to trip a Jigg,
 And to the Head well furnish't with a Wigg,
 Affect the Humour, Language, Wit, and Dance,
 And write and dress an *Alamode de France* ;
 Even Country Hobb, that thither trudg'd on Foot,
 Or was, with Calves, in Country Waggon brought,
 There learns to Dress, and soon the Sun-burnt Clown,
 With aukward Bow, and horrid Country Tone,
 Accosts the Fair, and all the Airs puts on.
 Unmindful of strong Beer and Jest, regales in Tea,
 And treats his fav'rite Sempstress with a Play :
 In vain did mighty *Bodley Oxford* choose,
 The place to build a Temple to the Muse ;
 In vain the learned World like Pilgrims joyn,
 To pay their richest Off-springs at her Shrine ;
 In gawdy Prisons bound, the Volumes lye,
 No Bently there t' assert their Liberty ;

Chain'd to Oblivion and Eternal Rust,
 They, like their Authors Ashes, sleep in Dust,
 But charming above all's their Theatre
 Confesses well the generous *Sheldon's* care,
 Plac't in the midst the Strangers to invite,
 Near to the Schools, and made them for a sight,
 This was the place to treat their Tarrs, and Queen,
 And now was made the Stage to entertain,
 A merry *Andrew* and his gaping Train.
 Methinks I see't like opening Heaven gay,
 And crowding Beauties from the Milky way;
 Around their radiant Eyes, like Comets bright,
 Diffuse a dreadful glorious trail of Light:
 On every side their fatal influence throw,
 And threaten Death to gazing Man below.
 Yet here not ev'n this Circle of the Fair,
 Not *Price* the brightest, chastest, Beauty there,
 Cou'd scape the Rage of Wit's offensive War.
 Bolder then *Diomedes* a Wretch was found,
 In her own form that cou'd a *Venus* wound:
 That dust the glories of her Eyes defame,
 And call the Lightning there a painted Flame;
 At first her Cheeks the frighted Beauties fled,
 Trembled her livid Lips, and hung her drooping Head;
 But soon the Goddess the wrong'd *Dame* put on,
 And blushing prov'd the Roses were her own:
 O'er these in Galleries were plac'd above,
 Musick, the constant near Allie of Love;
 With strength combin'd, each moves its different part,
 But force alike the passage to the Heart;
 Reason th' unequal fight sustains in vain,
 Whilst Traytor Passions let wrong Errors in;
 In Seats oppos'd to these the Doctors rest:
 The place for Benefits of ogling best:
 Those reverend Drones that sleep secure from Cares,
 And dream away in State their threescore years;
 Them and the Beauties, had you Mark'd you'd Swear,
 You saw the distant Seasons of the Year,
 Here chearing Summer, freezing Winter there,
 Amidst the Youths fat, fresh, and chearful Spring,
 Seeming to sit smiling on each chearful Chin,

But ah! In its gawdiest Flowers drest,
 The place no emblem of ripe Autumn blest;
 The tender Plants confess their early Spring,
 Gay as the Sun but soon with him decline;
 From Boys, to Boys they pass, and shift the Scene,
 Without one interval of Man between;
 Low in the Pit an undistinguish'd throng,
 Esquires, Sharpers, Knights, and Citizens come humming on,
 Like strolling Beggars all as free as Air,
 Their stock of Wealth upon their Backs they bear;
 And in one Holiday consume the Jovial Year.
 In shoals to *Epsom*, *Bath*, and *Tunbridge* roam,
 And never but in Goals are found at Home.
 Still in their Road, and now were sauntering there;
 Ready at call of Fiddlers and the Fair;
 Porters and Senators for entrance prest,
 And Peers distinguish'd only from the rest,
 By hurrying fifty miles to hear a Jest.
 'Mongst these *Lepine* with all her Names came on,
 Content for fifty Pounds to sell a Song;
 Her Golden gaping Hearers follow'd near,
 Resembling honest *Midas* Mien and Air.
 And still she held them by their Ass's Ear.
 Here with their Cullies, Bully Gamesters stobd,
 Gentile Pick-pockets easy in a Crowd.
 There like their Brethren Fiddlers, wrapt in Cloaks;
 Poets with pride, and famine in their Looks;
 On one side dirty Justices, and Booted prigs,
 On t'other Beaus that bend beneath their powder'd Wiggs,
 With formal Phiz the equal Judges set,
 They and the Ladies to hear Latin Wit.
 And now the chearful Organ's heard to blow,
 And Fiddles usher in the Raree Show.
 The Prologue was by *Proctor* spoke in prose,
 Lofty his Voice, and Musick in his Nose;
 To show how much might be on nothing said,
 The Doctors praise, the Orator convey'd,
 They modest Men, tho' Enemies profess,
 To bantring Joke, cou'd fit an hour at least,
 Heard themselves prais'd, and did not think a jest.
 Two flattering Boys adorn the opening Scene,
 And drest like Butterflies the Farce begin;

Behind in covert close the Prompter stood,
 Like Heathen Priests t' inspire the Golden God.
 Around the Ladies with attention look,
 And understand as much as he that spoke;
 For such a sight the Prentices repair,
 To famous *Barthol'mew*, or *Stourbridge Fair*;
 Here in feign'd Dialogue Painted Babies speak,
 And Punch inspir'd from Mouth of Pastboard *squeak*;
 Only these Puppets without motion stood,
 And wanted Wires to move the speaking Wood.

Fir'd with this stuff I left the Noise and Sweat,
 And at the other Play-House took my Seat;
 Thither was come the pious *Betterton*
 To carry on the Work of Reformation,
 And building Churches that were tumbled down.
 Here plants a Sister University
 To reach the forward Youth Morality;
 Whilst Play-House Miss, with ev'ry tenth Nights Gains,
 To prove them lawful, Mother Church maintains:
 So where free Denizens of *Rome* are made,
 And pay the Priest for Privilege of Trade,
 The Cits and Gown-Men in mixt Crowds appear,
 And strive once more for high Precedence here:
 The Doctors gravely thrust amongst the rest,
 And simper like a Lady at a smutty Jest.
 Here *Betterton* in big Heroick War,
 And *Barry* to the Life presents a Whore,
 In their own Coat see *Dogget* made a Jest,
 And acted Fool in Habit of a Priest.
 Here Sacred-----

EUGENIUS.

Enough, my Friend, the fruitful Subject spare,
 Nor learn of *Oxford* to be so severe;
 Let her no more thy Indignation raise,
 Who can in Satyr find a place for Praise.
 O wou'd the learned Writers learn to love,
 And once the fatal Barrier, Pride, remove;
 A noble Field their Strife wou'd then afford,
 Nor Rival one another, but the World.

To the same Goddess, each her Vows shou'd send,
 And one Palladium both the Towns defend :
 Like Saul's bright Off-spring both their Graces share,
 That, stately Merab; this, like Michal, Fair;
 Merab the Royal Father's State approv'd,
 Michal the Warlike Nephew, David, lov'd;
 God too approv'd her Choice, and still was near
 The Hero King, and blest his Arms in War,
 But left the Temple his Successor's Care.

And wanted Wives to move the speaking Wood,
 Fir'd with this first I left the Nolle and Sweet;

And at the other Play-House took my Seat;

Thither was come the pious Patron

To carry on the Work of Reformation,

And building Churches that were tumbled down.

Here plans a Sister University

To reach the forward Youth Morality;

And the pious Mills, with every tenth Night's Gains

To prove them lawful, Mother Church maintains :

So where free Denizens of Rome are made,

And pay the Priest for Privilege of Trade,

The Cus and Gown-Men in mix'd Crowds appear

And strive once more for Right-Precedence here :

The Doctors gravenly turn about the rest,

And stuper like a Lady at a stumpy Jest.

Here Bawson in big Heroick War,

And Baw to the Life reflects a Whore

In their own Coat for bigger make Jest

And acted Fool in Habit of a Priest.

Here Sacred-----

ENGINEERS

Enough, my Friend, the fruitful Subject spare,

Not learn of Oxford to be so severe ;

Let her no more my indignation raise,

Who can in SATYR find a place for Praise.

O wou'd the learned Writers learn to love,

And once the fatal Barrier, Pride, remove ;

A noble Field their State would then afford

Not Rival one another, but the World.